

just look at you

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by Anonymous

Summary

Well...it wasn't like Ilya hadn't seen it all. And when he meant all, he meant all. Everything from Sofia crowning for the very first time, to her being pushed out of him — Ilya bore been witness to everything.

Oh god how would his husband ever look at him the same?

Or the one where Shane doesn't realize just how much Ilya adores him after giving birth.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The effects of the epidural were *definitely* not lost on Shane as he began coming down from the adrenaline high of pushing an entire (not so) tiny human being out of his body.

Shane was overtaken with the after labor shakes, his entire body vibrating quite literally causing his alpha to jump up to see what was wrong with his mate. "Shane, *Shane*, what is wrong?" His eyes widened because he didn't understand why all of a sudden his omega was shivering — causing the whole bed to practically shake.

"It's alright, they're postpartum shakes. He's just experiencing like an adrenaline crash from the labor." Amelia their night nurse explained, grabbing Shane another blanket from the closet to cover up with. "He'll be okay though, we'll keep an eye on him but the shakes should subside within a few hours."

Shane felt like his entire body was going to shake right off the bed, his teeth were chattering a little less now but all he wanted to do was hold Sofia and be held by his alpha — that wasn't so much to ask for.

Ilya was on literal cloud nine, over the moon about their baby girl. Already all he did was stare at her, counting her fingers and toes over and over again to make sure they were still there. As if they would go anywhere.

Everything still was so sore, Shane found shifting around in the uncomfortable bed rather painful but he didn't let that show especially when he needed to get up to change everything. It felt gross. They had given him these fake underwear things and he had to put cooling pads in them because everything below the belt felt like it was on fire — all because he pushed a pup that wasn't even half the size of his belly out into the world.

Okay, so maybe she was a little more than half the size of his belly which...which still hadn't gone down and instead it was just soft now. Shane bit his lower lip as he braced himself on the bedside railing having timed changing his padding every two hours to minimize infection.

"*Moya lyubov*, let me help. Here I can put her in bassinet and we can walk to the bathroom together," Ilya wasn't dumb, he could see the way Shane winced every sudden movement he made. The way he would suck in a deep breath just to change positions in bed or sit up — it made the alpha yearn to help his stubborn omega.

Shane shook his head, gripping the side of the bed now with two feet swung over the side. Those apparently didn't get better either yet since his ankles were still quite puffy. But at least the heartburn was gone, it was the little wins, right?

His chest was feeling full too which meant Sofia would need to feed but for now she was sound asleep, tiny fingers curled around her papa's finger— Shane could watch the two of his greatest loves for hours.

Ilya was meant to be a father, this much was certain.

"I'll be right back I just need to fix everything down there." Shane gestured to his lower half, moving like a turtle to the bathroom afraid to rip a stitch— yes, a hockey player afraid to rip something when he had busted his face open, split a lip, sliced his nose— you name it, except this was totally different.

This was like major surgery and the fear of having your organs fall out all at once just for going to the bathroom, something completely normal for others and now something so hard for Shane. Plus, he didn't want Ilya to see him like this.

Well...it wasn't like Ilya hadn't seen it all. And when he meant all, he meant *all*. Everything from Sofia crowning for the very first time, to her being pushed out of him — Ilya bore been witness to *everything*.

Oh god how would his husband ever look at him the same?

But that was quite the opposite way that Ilya thought. Oh on the contrary, the alpha couldn't stop staring at Shane with the softest, most adoring looks that a man could ever give his other half.

Shane was the strongest person he knew to have carried their beautiful baby for nine months *and* not only that but go through the most painful event of his entire life and birth a literal entire *baby*. That was no small feat and Shane did that. His omega had conquered that — he was his hero.

And despite all that, Shane was still acting like it didn't bother him. But the bodily changes and the feeling of not truly being clean were weighing on his omega, the feeling could already be read on Shane's face.

"Do you want help with a shower? I can pull Sofia's bassinet to the door and I can—"

"No, no it's okay really. I can just wait to have a shower," Shane lied, he wanted a shower so badly he couldn't see straight.

If somehow Shane could slip out of his own skin he would. Sweat still clung to his silky locks and skin looking he just got done running a marathon. And don't even get him started on what he thought he smelled like.

To Ilya though, Shane just smelled well like...Shane — everything he loved about him. He had a rich undertone to his scent now, a sweet milky sort of smell with a hint of vanilla it almost made the alpha drunk with it.

But he understood why Shane would want a shower, especially given everything that had happened the night before. He wanted to help with that somehow, wanted to get his husband what he needed in order to feel a little like himself again.

"I feel gross," Shane admitted after a few moments of sitting there on the side of his bed fidgeting with his ID bracelet.

"We can fix that. I will help, your mom is coming with lunch she can watch Sofa and—"

"No!" Shane snapped, his tone harsher than it meant to be. "I mean I can wait, really. It's not that big of a deal."

Yuna came by with lunch from Shane's favorite bistro but he was asleep still.

Ilya was watching him, sitting up in the chair in the corner rocking Sofia while she snoozed away in her papa's arms.

"She's such a good sleeper already. I mean she hasn't stirred one bit but then again she's got her papa holding her," Yuna smiled softly, teasing her son-in-law. "She's absolutely precious though I can see why you wouldn't want to put her down." She made her way over to the little table by Shane's bedside placing the bag there so she could check on her baby. No matter how big he got he would always be her baby.

"Shane, honey I brought lunch," Yuna murmured, brushing Shane's bangs out of his eyes gently. She didn't want to wake him but he did need to eat a little something. He didn't really stir much other than to mumble a 'thank you', leaning his face against her hand pretending like he hadn't been asleep.

"I was going to ask favor from you," Ilya stood up, walking over to Yuna. "Was going to ask if you could watch Sofia while I help Shane shower."

Shane's eyes shot open right away and he shook his head. "Ilya, *please*. I said I'm fine. I don't need a shower right now it can wait."

Yuna furrowed her brow gently, unsure of why Shane was fighting against it until it occurred to her that maybe he was insecure— it was a big possibility after having a baby. She had been that way too at one time, it was only natural.

"How about Ilya washes your hair at least, that would make you feel better." Yuna suggested, taking Sofia into her arms when Shane finally gave a nod holding onto the bedrail before finally taking Ilya's arm feeling a little lightheaded.

Shane didn't want to even wash his hair (well he wanted a whole shower but just not there). Not at the hospital where he couldn't hide — hide the stretch marks, his pudgy stomach that was once firm and taut, and his chest that ached with every brush of fabric against it.

But it seemed like it would tide Ilya over on the whole showering subject so he let him have this.

"I packed my shampoo and conditioner from home it's in that toiletry bag right there," Shane motioned over to the tiny bag in his duffel bag. Everything was color coded and packed by its purpose — this was all done during his nesting stage when he could still get around without getting winded.

Ilya grabbed the detachable showerhead after helping Shane into the built in shower chair making sure he only got his hair wet — at first. He popped the cap open to the travel size

shampoo bottle and lathered the shampoo into Shane's wet locks making sure to evenly distribute it throughout his locks.

"Are you sure you don't want to take a full shower?"

"Ilya, really I'm fine- I really can wait it's just not that big of a deal besides I look gross."

Record scratch, full stop — Ilya turned the water off immediately and cupped Shane's face in his hands crouching down to his level.

"You are speaking nonsense- you know this, yes?" Ilya frowned, his brow furrowed with concern as he thumbed away a stray tear that escaped Shane's eyes as his omega let out a shaky sigh leaning into his touch.

"But I am, I'm gross- Ilya, you saw an entire baby come out of me! I mean if that's not a turn off I don't know what is," Shane really couldn't get past the fact that Ilya had watched their daughter come into the world — *surely*, he was disgusted.

Except it was exactly the opposite.

Ilya couldn't keep his hands off of Shane, having watched him go through everything pregnancy threw at him for (almost) nine whole months to bring their daughter into the world only made him fall that much more in love with him if that was even possible.

So seeing Shane suffer through labor, something he could only begin to try to comprehend the pain that his husband went through *just* to get this tiny little human being that was a perfect mixture of them both earthside only had Ilya falling in love with Shane all over again.

"*Lyubmiyy*, if anything I wish I could somehow marry you again. You sacrificed your body, you did everything to make sure Sofia made it here safely— if anything I only love you deeper," Ilya couldn't find the words in English right now, his eyes were blurry and it wasn't just the spray from the shower.

Shane bit his lower lip, tears spilling over as he looked up at his alpha. "I love you." He whispered, craning his neck to meet his alpha's lips under the spray of the shower. "I would do it a thousand times over."

And it was the truth. Shane loved hockey but he had wanted a family so badly with Ilya that he couldn't bare not having it any longer. Their daughter was worth everything and then something even if it was going to take time getting used to his new body.

To Shane, it wasn't so much the destination but the journey he was on with his husband by his side. Always there, always loving him every step of the way through this confusingly beautiful time for him — loving him even when he couldn't love himself.

It took them some time in the shower but Yuna walked the room swaying back and forth gently with the little bundle in her arms.

She knew this was what her son needed, time with Ilya to work through his emotions. Having a baby was *a lot* — Shane needed an abundance of support and love to find peace in this new normal of being a family of three.

"Sweet girl, you have the best daddy and papa a pup could ever have. They may forget to love themselves from time to time so they might need your help with that." Yuna teased gently, brushing her finger against Sofia's chubby little cheek in a soothing motion.

Shane and Ilya emerged about thirty or so minutes later, her son definitely looked refreshed but tired which was again, very understandable.

Ilya helped him climb back into bed, tucking him in with the blankets that had been pushed to the bottom of the bed. "Rest, *solnyshko* We've got this covered." He reassured, kissing the top of his omega's freshly washed hair.

This time Shane wouldn't fight him on that offer, especially because Sofia would be getting hungry sooner rather than later and the adrenaline high was wearing off causing his eyelids to grow heavy. "Just a minute, don't let me sleep longer than that, okay?"

"Of course, I would not dream of it."

End Notes

💌 this came to me when i started to think about how shane would feel afterbirth, how he would see himself and how he thinks ilya would see him after having just given birth- and believe me ilya saw /everything/ lmao but yeah i just thought about going over that and wanted to make a fic describing everything he's been feeling <3 hope you guys enjoy!

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